

GROCERIES AND DRY GOODS.

## LADIES' FURS!

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN THIS CITY.

A Complete Assortment  
OF  
DRY GOODS

In every Department from a Needle to a

## SILK DRESS

OR A

## VELVET CLOAK.

We need not say we will sell  
TO DEFY COMPETITION.  
YOU KNOW IT.

Call and approve yourself at

J. ULLMAN &amp; BRO'S.

CORNER FRANKLIN AND SPRING STREETS.

A FEW OF OUR MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING TO DISPOSE OF AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

## GOOD NEWS!

## D. HARRIS &amp; BROTHER

Have just received a full and complete assortment of  
DOMESTIC & FOREIGN DRY GOODS!

Lace Goods and Embroidery.

Mittens and Gloves, Caps of Wool and Cloth, Bed Spreads, Blankets and Colored Majors, Poplin and Silk, Broadcloth and Cashmere, Hosiery and Yarn, Satins, Ladies' Under Clothing and Slips, &amp;c. and we may supply everything that belongs to the Dry Goods Line. Also, we offer our end to Stock of

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps.

That we now have on hand, at a great reduction in Price.

D. HARRIS & BROTHER,  
are such arrangements that anything ordered from New York will be furnished on short notice.

COME ONE AND COME ALL!

And we will assure rare bargains in buying your Fall and Winter Stock of D. Harris &amp; Brothers.

## LAST APPEAL!

We would ask you to price your goods all around before you buy but then come and examine our prices and stock, and you will surely make your purchase of

D. HARRIS & BROTHER,  
Spring Street, opp. American Hotel, Titusville, Pa.GREAT SALE OF LIQUORS.  
GRANGER & CO.

ALL CLOSE OUT THEIR ENTIRE STOCK OF LIQUORS AT LESS THAN FIRST COST.

Those Looking after Bargains call at Once.

WE HAVE NOW IN STORE THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Groceries and Provisions

In Western Pennsylvania.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO THE TRADE. WE ARE NOW SOLE AGENTS OF THE

GREAT WESTERN TEA AGENCY

FOR WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO.

CITY HALL,

TITUSVILLE, PENN'A.

HARD TIMES PRICES!

REDUCTION IN THE

PRICE OF COAL.

On and after December 11, 1867.

ROBERTS &amp; CO.,

will sell Screened

ANTHRACITE COAL.

all sizes at

89.50 Delivered;

Unscreamed do. \$9.00.

ROBERTS &amp; CO.

A BURL WOOD.

A BURL WOOD MERCHANT

15000 and Reduced Potentia, 100 Milled Lamp, New York, 10000, Brooklyn, 10000, Philadelphia, 10000, Boston, 10000, New Haven, 10000, New Bedford, 10000, all consigned

CUT GLASS BOTTLES.

READ

Titusville Morning Herald.

This is the only paper between Pitts-  
burgh and Erie that receives the As-  
sociated Press Telegrams and Cable  
dispatches.

Titusville, Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1867.

LEADING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE.

Varieties.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to everybody!

It is reported that a new bridge will be built across Oil Creek at Titusville during the coming summer by the Oil Creek Railroad Company.

To-day being a universal holiday, no labor will be performed in the Herald Office, and therefore no paper will be issued until Friday morning.

The 21st of December was the shortest day of the year. Sun rose at 7:22 and set 4:25. He will continue to go to bed later and get up earlier, until further notice.

A portion of the Cumberland County Arms House was destroyed by fire last week, and four of the inmates perished in the flames. One of the victims, a raving man, was chased to the floor, and his escape was impossible.

The Sisters of Charity Fair is still in session at Corinthian Hall, and attracts a numerous throng of visitors every evening. The receipts on Monday evening exceeded \$500, and we presume were still greater last evening. A lively competition is in progress for the various prizes.

This afternoon and evening the Presbyterian Sunday School will meet in City Hall, to have a Christmas merry making. The Methodist Sunday School will assemble at the church this evening for the same purpose, when there will be a distribution of gifts from well laden Christmas trees.

Deer have been unusually plentiful in market during the last week, and prices have ranged from six to nine cents per pound. Shipments per express have been very extensive. On Monday twenty-five carcasses were booked as "Christmas Venison" by as many different persons, and went out by the morning express.

"Crocus" this morning received a photograph of the man who struck the first "dry hole" in the oil region. To the inquiring mind it affords an interesting study, and is invaluable as a relic of the past. It will remain on exhibition for a few days only at the HERALD Office, then be forwarded to the next world's Fair.

The departing year, 1867—figures we have but just become familiar with, will soon be out of date and the opportunities to do good or evil under this date will be past. Good resolutions for the new year should invariably begin with a subscription to the MORNING or WEEKLY HERALD. Nobody can keep posted on current events in the oil region, without it.

The tickets for the Old Folks' Concert sold rapidly yesterday, and there is reason to believe that choice seats will soon command a premium. Hurd &amp; Co., at the Postoffice news depot, have a diagram of the Hall, where reserved seats may be secured by the purchase of tickets until the stock is exhausted. Our recommendation is, make it the first business of Merry Christmas to insure a Happy New Year, for the concert will take place on the evening of January 1st.

Merry Christmas.

Such a day as yesterday was. Everybody was in the streets or shops on mysterious errands. Such a hurry-skurry in the streets and stores, too. Everybody seemed to have done something in secret and yet was not ashamed of it. The arms full, and pockets protruding with unknown packages, whose contents were carefully, almost cunningly concealed. Such surprises as greeted everybody this morning. How early everybody got up; the children were tumbling down stairs, with the first streak of dawn. It was as if a strange music fell from heaven and wakened them. Children comprehend all about Christmas. It is their day, a day all white with innocence, if ever there was one. They know when Christmas comes, and that it is the gladdest time of all the year.

They hail the day light, and though the trees are leafless and the flowers are smothered under the snow, though the winds howl and rage like imprisoned demons, yet they love it, better than the smile of the Spring verdure, and the blush of July summer. They know all the heavenly significance of Christmas. They know how the holy shepherds told the story, and the holy angels sang it, and that all the nations and the islands of the earth now shout the glad tidings that unto us a Prince is given who is Christ the Lord and Saviour of men. And every one lays down his burden to day, whether of grief, or care, or want, or aspiration, and rejoices. Whose cradle was so near as His, whose thorn so sharp, and yet whose Love was so divine, and inexhaustible! "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is the lesson of His life, and Christmas is the illustration of this lesson. Generosity, kindness, good-will, charity, compassion—these are the traits, the acts, that make Christmas golden, golden, memorable, forevermore, in every heart and household. To give with the hand and not the heart, to give from pride or ostentation or compulsion, is not to keep Christmas well, but to give, espousing, sweetly, and with a noble inward force, as the sun and moon shed their golden and silver light, and as the waters gush from the mossy or cliff fountain-rock—it is to keep Christmas truly. And yet no heart is so poor, or selfish that a sincere gift will not enrich and ennoble it. But it is not toys, or jewels, or costly furs that satisfy. These are but tokens, who makes an evident effort to say and do smart things, and the effort is so apparent that the result is a failure. The father of Sam, who spills it with a "we," instead of being a haloed old English Inn-keeper, is a feeble old fellow with the voice of an octogenarian—shaky and feeble. Elizabeth Clappings and Susannah Landers were creditably performed. Mr. Winkles was capitally done. His shattering efforts to unburden his mind in Mrs. Bardell's behalf were amiable and elicited hearty laughter and applause.

ST. JAMES' MEMORIAL CHURCH.—Pursuant to the custom of the Episcopal Church, religious services were held last evening (Christmas Eve) in the St. James' Memorial Church, and an appropriate and eloquent discourse was delivered by the Rector, Rev. Henry Purdon. Religious services will be held this Christmas day at 10:30 A.M.

The sacred service was decorated for the occasion, in an exceedingly tasteful and attractive manner. Evergreens hung in pendants from the vaulted roof, were formed around the lights, and in arches and wreaths over doors, windows and alcoves, and embrocated the pulpit, reading-desk, the gallery of the choir, the altar. A beautiful light, as of a star, shed its effulgence over the chancel, and a mossy solid green cross was affixed, at the opposite end of the church. Beaded, arched devices and symbols of a sacred character, appropriate texts from the Holy Writ were inscribed upon the walls, as follows: above the Cross was written "Mercy and Truth have met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other"; over the organ "Sing unto the Glad Tidings"; over the chancel, "Jesus Hominum Salvator"; over the communion table, "Do this in remembrance of me"; and "In His Love and Mercy He redeemed me"; on the sides, "The fig tree, the pine tree, the box together, to beautify the place of my Sanctuary"; and "For unto you, is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour who is Christ, the Lord"; on the right of the pulpit, "Praise God in His Holiness"; in the chancel wreath, the Greek abbreviation "I. H. S." and upon either side of the central arch, "Alpha" and "Omega". These church decorations for the Christmas festival will remain till Easter.

Dickens.

New York, Dec. 20, 1867.

Editor's Morning Herald:

Now York has just passed through one of its periodical farces—one of those little class entertainments, a regular recurrence of which is as essential to us as a safety valve to a steam boiler. We went into raptures over Jenny Lind—We saw our hats and split our throats for Kossoff—We didn't quite go down on our knees to the Prince of Wales, but we almost devoured Japanese Tomoy and now we have Dickens on the brain again. We have got out of bed at two o'clock on a blitzen cold morning and strolled from five to fifteen hours for the sake of securing a sitting at one of Charles Dickens' readings!

But they did it. Well we Americans never do anything by halves. While the audience is assembling let us take a look at the accessories while Mr. Dickens has deemed of sufficient importance to bring with him from England. A large crimson screen bellied small and ingeniously constructed reading desk; the latter, conveniently arranged for supporting his MSS. a decanter of—water, (the uscharitable among us) and a goblet. In front and overhead, supported by gas piping, a broad strip of crimson stuff behind which are concealed numerous jets of gas, answering the purpose of foot lights at a theatre, only as Mr. Dickens is not a bullet dodger and wishes to illuminate his head rather than his legs, the lights are above instead of behind.

Suddenly a spare singular little man of about thirty walks briskly on to the platform and commences surveying the arrangements: apparently to see whether they are to his liking. You are a little puzzled to know who and what he can be, for his general appearance is not unlike that of a high priced waiter at Delmonico's, and as he calmly sits down into a plaid survey of his audience, only the napkin is wanting to make you certain of it. But as a welcome of applause greets him to which he responds by bowing and patronizingly you conclude that the great *magician* stands before you. But what a destruction of all one's preconceived ideas, based as they are on that wonderful portrait of Bob, with large eyes and luxuriant locks, that adorns all the paper covered earlier editions of the books that made him famous.

Imagine a thin faced bald headed gentleman, a wisp of iron grey hair carefully combed across his forehead; side locks long and brushed straight forward upon his temples, the ends projecting like so many thistles; a heavy mustache and goatee, also gray—the latter spreading out like a broom, which, when he speaks, has that rapid motion peculiar to the ho-go when nibbling straw; his eyes large but also gray and fleshy; his complexion of that decidedly world hue which belongs only to an Englishman who takes his "d" and "r" with regularity.

His dress is striking—stunning would characterize it better—perhaps a swallow-tailed coat, a scrupulously tied white cravat, a broad expanse of faultless shirt front, a white waistcoat, from the top button of which is pendant a massive gold chain, loosely in such a manner as to descend both right and left, and pendant thereto a globe shaped clasp, about the size of a large hickory nut. His hands are ungloved but his fingers glitter with diamonds. When the hum of the audience has ceased, he suddenly begins to read. With his first utterance every ear is strained to catch his words—and well they may be, for his voice is husky and by no means powerful. At times his articulation is compass and indicating that the closest attention is exacted from eyes as well as ears, and then the thread of his narrative can only be followed by constant reference to the book, sold at the doors as *me librettos* of the opera, and which are almost as essential in the one case as the other. The muscles of his face are capable of considerable variety of expression but he cannot transform himself into his characters so completely as to make you forget Mr. Dickens. In Doubt, Doctor Blinber, Miss Pipchin, Little Paul, Pickwick, Snarvel, Weller, Sergeant Buzfuz, one and all, Mr. Dickens predominates. His gesticulation is appropriate and generally conversational. His familiar characters are not familiar as he renders them. It is only occasionally that one can recognize his old friends of the delightful pages of Doubt and Pickwick. Pompous old Doubt and pompous Doctor Blinber, are well and naturally represented, and as you would expect to see them. Little Paul has not the thin, plaintive voice of a sick, patient child, but a sort of ronion boy's monotone drawl, reciting what he has committed to memory, and in which he takes no interest, (a habit probably acquired at Dr. Blinber's establishment). Florence, "Jiving Fly," was not attempted—only a tender man's voice for her. Mr. Toms may be natural enough; he is one of those freaks of Mr. Dickens' fancy which never had an original in nature—outside of England—Mr. Dickens made a sort of human bullion of him.In the celebrated trial of Bardell vs. Pickwick, "My lord," Mr. Justice S. Starbrough, was simply a stupid lump of pomposity and ignorance about half asleep—common to the *incomparable English*—but, not known in this country. Sergeant Buzfuz was a ludicrous caricature of the English "pyrotechnic" school of lawyers. His manner of addressing the "learned court" and jury, was ridiculous in the extreme; conveying an impression that he (Mr. Dickens) was indulging in a bit of "fooling" at the expense of his audience. Sergeant Weller was a disappointment. Instead of the "Squived," who figures in the pages of Pickwick, we have a poor young fellow, who makes an evident effort to say and do smart things, and the effort is so apparent that the result is a failure. The father of Sam, who spills it with a "we," instead of being a haloed old English Inn-keeper, is a feeble old fellow with the voice of an octogenarian—shaky and feeble. Elizabeth Clappings and Susannah Landers were creditably performed. Mr. Winkles was capitally done. His shattering efforts to unburden his mind in Mrs. Bardell's behalf were amiable and elicited hearty laughter and applause.

Sergeant 2d.—Sent home a gold watch and chain to the baby, who is learning to creep. My children shall not suffer while their father can steal or borrow.

Sergeant 2d.—Struck a dry hole last night. Stockholders paid, and it will learn them to "take a joke." I cleared ten thousand by the operation. Dry holes are profitable as bowing wells, sometimes.

Sergeant 2d.—Found a drunken man upon a dark street last night; knocked him over and grabbed his watch; it might be stolen if left upon him. This is an awful country; demoralizing in the extreme, but we must take things as they come; take everything that will come, if the owner is not looking.

Sergeant 2d.—A letter from my oldest daughter, full of family incidents and touching affection; says she sings the biggest waterfall of any girl in town; it took seven horses' tails and a buffalo robe to stuff it, and she used nearly a whole bad cord in tying it; set the Boughal on a peak of eggs the day before she wrote, so as to be ready for the fall trade; Duncan Brown's boy stabled his son on a bridle while going to church last Sunday, and has had the cramp in the rump ever since.

October 1st.—Sent the balance of the oil farm which proves the dry territory, owing to the drought no doubt.

October 3d.—Bought a new suit of clothes, and wash my face for the first time in two months; my disguise is complete; my creditors don't know me.

October 10th.—While travelling yesterday between Titusville and Pithole, I was attacked by some highwaymen and robbed in cold blood; the only funds I had on my person belonged to the Orphan Asylum and consisted of \$100 in five cent pieces, collected to purchase a library; poor orphans, how I pity you.

October 14th.—Sent my wife a pair of shoes, which cost \$100; the shoemaker remarked that he never saw so many fine cut pieces before; it had been a poor reason for chiding. I can't help but pity the poor widow of this lost.

October 14th.—Letter from home; wife wants to know how to wear the long mantilla I sent her; does not know which side up it goes; Sarah is learning Italian, so she can swear in company, and has traded her piano forte for a hand organ; she can play beautifully on the latter. The remittance of my family is immense, so to speak.

A CARD.—The friends of Sagawatha Lodge No. 290, Independent Order of Good Templars, are invited to attend a parlor entertainment to be given in Good Templar Hall, Thursday evening, December 26th, 1867. The exercises are to be chiefly of a musical character, and the performers are amateurs of Titusville. The admission fee is twenty-five cents for adults and three cents for children. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be applied toward the purchase of a piano for the Lodge.

THE VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS.

BY CLARENCE WOODS.

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house was stirring, but not a noise;

Not a creature was stirring, but him with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would to there;

The old drake was noiseless all sing in their beds,

While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads,

And they slept on, thinking it was *now* safe,

To dream of what was to come.

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